

There is no such thing as impossible

I have been once told that “The sky is the limit.” If I could, I would like to elaborate on that sentence. In my opinion, the sky may be expanse, but I believe that everything is possible and never impossible. I believe that overcoming obstacles is what that makes us nurture and grow, and happiness and satisfaction can be truly gained through the conquering of the impossible. This I believe. Impossible is nothing. However, I have had a different mindset when I was younger, but then the competition came and my very way of thinking changed for the better. Looking back, I realize that throughout my growth, I have learnt the true meaning of words that my father had given me on the day I would not try. I cherish his precious nuggets of wisdom, because they guide me like a shining beacon, allowing me to touch the sky and beyond.

When I was nine, much to my initial dismay, my parents urged me to join a story telling competition after my teacher recommended me to represent my class. At that point of time, I refused abruptly, not giving it a second thought. I had thought impossible would be a very apt description of the challenge. Although I was not considered soft-spoken, and in fact was often chided by teachers due to my tendency to fidget and babble, I felt that I was not suitable enough to stand in front of the stage and speak to the huge mass of crowd before me. The thought of several pairs of eyes fixing their almost predatory stare on me was enough to make me quake and go weak in the knees. Who wouldn't?

Unsurprisingly, upon hearing my protests, my mother flew into a rage, shrieking like a banshee, going on and on about “losing the perfect chance”, and words that might have reduced another child to tears were I not my mother's daughter. My father, however, being the pragmatic man he always was, pulled me over to a side and spoke to me.

“What is it that you are scared of? The stage? That you might fail your task and lose the competition?” I nodded my head at the latter, refusing to meet his eyes.

To which he smiled and chuckled, and I instantly felt uncomfortable, scowling at the floor.

“What’s so funny?” I pouted. My father calmed down and gazed deep into my eyes, seeming to bore into my very thoughts. “If that is indeed what you are afraid of, then why not try and see if it happens? How would you know if it is impossible if you do not even try? You can do it. But the reason you might fail is not because you cannot succeed, but because you are convinced you cannot. However, what you should do is to try to make the impossible possible.”

I stared on blankly, trying desperately to grasp onto the words’ meanings. I pretended I did. After further persuasion, I relented begrudgingly and decided to give it a shot, spurred on by my parents’ and my teachers’ motivation. When the time came, I stepped up on the platform and delivered my story. As I looked at the expectant faces of the crowd, my mind suddenly cleared. I thought of the words my father had given me. I thought of achieving my goal. I thought of overcoming the impossible. Finally, I began to speak. In the end, I won a second prize for my Chinese story telling competition. The experience had taught me an important lesson. I have learnt to try to conquer the impossible, to make the impossible possible. Even now, I am learning to overcome my fear of overcoming difficulties, reaching higher and higher, always challenging myself to grasp for the next highest point.

Life's ups and downs provide windows of opportunity to determine your values and goals. Think of using all obstacles as stepping stones to build the life you want. To view obstacles as platforms for us to move on, and to not be afraid of tackling challenges, is to prove the impossible possible. This I believe.